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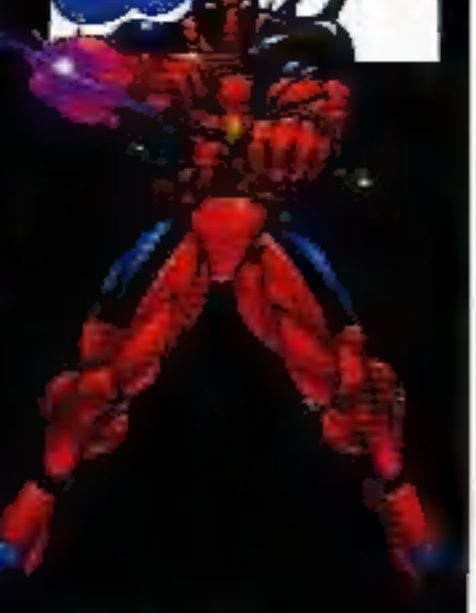

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DEADPOOL®

DROWNING MAN pt. 2

You'll See HOW LOW A MAN CAN Go!

KELLY WOODS
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WONG

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DAWN... IN A PLACE OUT OF TIME.

"I'M DIZZY... *SPINNING*... *EVERYTHING'S* SPINNING AWAY FROM LOGICAL PARAMETERS...

"I... THIS IS *CRAZY.*

CAN I HAVE MY *OPTICS*, PLEASE?

"IT *NEVER* SHOULD HAVE GONE THIS FAR... HE SHOULD NEVER HAVE *FALLEN* SO... THERE'S SO MUCH AT *STAKE.*

I DON'T KNOW IF YOU SHOULD DO THIS... *PERCENTAGE* POINTS ARE FLUCTUATING. MY SIGHT... *DIM.*

I CAN'T... I CAN'T *SEE* WHAT'S GOING TO *HAPPEN.*

WELL THEN, I GUESS YOU'RE OUT OF A JOB, *MONTY...*

"I'M SO TIRED."

LIGHT.

TIME IS STILL ON YOUR SIDE, *Ms. CULLODEN...* WAIT HERE, AND *MAYBE* YOU CAN --

DON'T EVEN *SAY* IT, MONTY. YOU COULD GET YOUR *PLUG* PULLED FOR EVEN *THINKING* SUCH A THING...

I... I DON'T *CARE.*

MAYBE YOU CAN JUST LET HIM *DIE.*

MONTGOMERY...

Ms. CULLODEN, WHAT IF I'M *WRONG* ABOUT HIM? WHAT IF ALL ALONG I'VE BEEN IN *ERROR...*

IS A *FOOL'S QUEST* WORTH *DYING* FOR?

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NO. IT'S NOT.

BUT IF YOU'RE *RIGHT* ABOUT *DEADPOOL*...

...I'D DIE *TEN TIMES OVER* TO SEE *WADE WILSON* DO THE RIGHT THING. WITHOUT A *SECOND* THOUGHT.

SEE YOU IN THE *FUTURE*, MONTY.

DAWN... IN A PLACE WHERE TIME IS WELL SPENT... DOING NOTHING AT ALL...

GOLDEN GATE PARK.

HRRM.

EARLY, MAN... STILL ON *DEUTSCHLAND* TIME. *BUMMER.*

SEVEN HOURS TILL *NOON*...

ONLY *ONE WAY* TO PASS TIME THAT *WADE* WOULD DIG.

POP

SLOW AND STEADY, WADE... *GERRY'S* GOT IT *COVERED.*

DAWN... OVER THE HEART OF AMERICA'S PASTIME.

"LIFE, MUCH LIKE A CERTAIN GAME PLAYED ON A CERTAIN DIAMOND, INSPIRING A CERTAIN ANALOGY...

"...LIFE THROWS YOU A LOT OF CURVE BALLS.

"IN MY EXPERIENCE, SAID BALLS USUALLY WIND UP PLOWING INTO YOUR KIELBASA HOLE AT ABOUT NINETY-SIX MILES PER --

"-- FRACTURING YER MAXILLA, SPEWING BLOOD ALL OVER YOUR NICE YELLOW UNIFORM...

"...RUINING YEARS OF ORTHODONTURE AND YOUR SHOT AT SCORING A HOT DATE FOR THE PROM."

BUT THIS ISN'T ONE OF THOSE TIMES.

THIS TIME... WE CONNECTED. PUT THAT BAD BOY OVER THE BACK FENCE. OUT OF THE PARK.

DIDN'T WE, KIDDO?

STRANGE. I GOT THIS... THIS FEELIN'. NOT JUST A HANGOVER... MORE LIKE THE GRATIFYING SURGE YOU GET WHEN YOU POP A GUY JUST RIGHT AND HIS EYES BUG OUT OF HIS FACE...

...ONLY A LITTLE MUSHIER. FESTERING SOMEWHERE TO THE LEFT OF THE OL' BLOODPUMP.

DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I CAN STILL IDENTIFY IT. S'BEEN SO LONG... AT LEAST SINCE VANESSA.

BUT THERE IT IS... AND IT FEELS GOOD... REAL GOOD.

MMM...

I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHO WAVED A *MAGIC WAND* TO MAKE *LAST NIGHT* HAPPEN, TWEETIE...

NNGH... BRIGHT...

...BUT I DO KNOW I'M *NOT* GONNA MESS IT UP.

I'LL DO WHATEVER I HAVE TO. I *CAN* BE A *HERO*. I CAN BE *GOOD*. WHATEVER... FOR *HER*...

BECAUSE I *KNOW*... *SHE* FEELS THIS THING, TOO...

SHE *DIGS* ME BIG TI--

Oh...

WHAT THE §/★•ª ARE *YOU* STILL DOING HERE?

FIGURED YOU'D BE HALF-WAY TO THE NEAREST *SHOWER* BY NOW.

UH... NO...

...WHY *WOULD* I --

HYGIENE. CAN'T *WAIT* TO WASH YOUR *STENCH* OFF OF ME. BE *CLEAN*.

MY *WHAT*? I -- YOU SLEEP ON A *ROCK* OR SOMETHING, *TERRY*?

TERRY? TERR-- Oh, HA! I *FORGOT*...

SORRY, *SWEETNESS*... I AM EVERYTHING THAT IS THE *OPPOSITE* OF A *MORNING PERSON*. HOLD ON...

...JUST LET ME GET MY *FACE* TOGETHER.

CLIK

BZZT

MUCH BETTER... ALL RIGHT, HERO... YOU CAN START *SCREAMING* NOW.

TYPHOID?!

THE MERC WITH A MOUTH

Stan Lee Presents

THE DROWNING MAN

PART TWO

or I LEFT MY LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO

A KELLY/WOODS/MASSENGILL/WONG/TINSLEY/ COMICRAFT/IDELSON/HARRAS PRODUCTION

YOU REMEMBERED MY *NAME*... I GUESS THAT MEANS YOU STILL *CARE*... HOW *PRECIOUS*. SO TELL ME...

...AM I THE GIRL OF YOUR DREAMS, OR *WHAT?*

NO WAY... NO WAY... THIS IS LIKE A *ROD SERLING* THING... ALAN *FUNT* MAYBE... I SWEAR, IF IT'S THAT BOB *SAGET*, SOMEONE'S GONNA DIE. JOKE'S OVER... CHANGE *BACK*...

INTO *WHAT*, SWEETS? A *GOOD* GIRL?

SORRY. NO GOOD GIRLS *HERE*.

MR. *BELVEDERE* ON A *BISCUIT*...

...WHAT... WHAT DID YOU *DO*?

I TOOK ADVANTAGE OF AN *OPPORTUNITY*, BABY... AN OPPORTUNITY TO GET US *BOTH* SOMETHING WE *WANTED*...

...IT'S *AMAZING* WHAT ONE CAN DO WITH AN *IMAGE INDUCER*, A STOLEN *COMPUTER*... AND A *DRUNK*.

Last Ish -- Matt

BUT... *NO*... I — I DIDN'T WANT *YOU*...

...THIS... THIS *WASN'T* WHAT I -- I THOUGHT —

-- I FEEL *SICK*.

YOU'LL GET *OVER* IT... *I DID*.

ROLE-PLAYING'S SIMPLY *DELICIOUS*, ISN'T IT? KEEPS A RELATIONSHIP *SPICY*.

BUT, *TERRY*... I — I NEEDED... I NEEDED *TERRY*...

THIS ISN'T *FUNNY*...

WHY DID YOU DO THIS TO ME?

WHY?

WHY?

BECAUSE...

...BECAUSE I *COULD*, LOVER.

BLEARGH

KOFF KAFF

HEY! KEEP IT DOWN IN THERE! YER *DROWNIN'* OUT REGIS AN' --

YEARGLF

GOOD GOD! THAT'S NOT JUST YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL *TECHNICOLOR YAWN*... WADE MUST BE REALLY *ILL* --

-- HOLD ON... WADE'S GOT A *HEALING FACTOR*... HE *NEVER* GETS SICK.

NO *SIGN* OF HIM ALL NIGHT... NOT AFTER HE RAN OFF IN SEARCH OF THAT *IRISH GIRL*...

WHAT *HAPPENED* TO HIM?

HOPE HE DIDN'T JUST DRINK *DRAINO* FOR THE *HECK* OF IT, AGAIN.

WHAT'S WRONG, WADE? WENT A LITTLE HEAVY ON THE *ROTGUT* LAST NIGHT? YOU SOUND... *SICK*.

CONGRATULATIONS, BLIND AL... YOU JUST PICKED UP THE *"UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE MILLENIUM"* AWARD.

WADE... WHAT'S GOING ON?

WADE?

AL... CAN... CAN YOU HAND ME A TOWEL... *PLEASE*...

I NEED TO TAKE A SHOWER.

DID YOU REMEMBER TO WASH BEHIND YOUR *EARS?* LAST TIME YOU SAID YOU HAD *RUTABAGAS* GROWING BACK THERE... Heh...

...

...LOOK, I *KNOW* I'M NOT EXACTLY THOSE TWO FELLAS ON *LOVELINE,* BUT...

...IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO GET OFF YOUR CHEST? DID SOMETHING HAPPEN WITH *THERESA?*

YEAH... YOU COULD *SAY* THAT...

WELL, IN AFFAIRS OF THE... LET'S *ASSUME* IT'S THE *HEART*...

...*TIME* DOES A PRETTY DECENT JOB OF HEALING THE WOUNDS --

-- I MEAN, *HEH*... UNLESS YOU *OFFED* HER.

Oh, CRAP... YOU DIDN'T DO *THAT,* DID YOU? *ICE* THE *IRISH?*

NAH... THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A *SNAP* TO DEAL WITH...

AL... YOU KNOW THAT *THING* I'M SUPPOSED TO DO TODAY?

THAT *HIGH-NOON-DOUBLE-ORDER-OF-MACHISMO-WITH-A-SIDE-OF-CANASTAS-FIGHT-T-RAY* THING?

YOU MEAN THAT *TRAP* YOU WANT TO *BARREL* INTO? YES, I SEEM TO RECALL *WARNING* YOU *OFF* FROM IT...

I'M THINKING *MAYBE*...

...MAYBE I GOT SOMETHING *BETTER* TO DO. DON'T FEEL *INTO* IT. Y'KNOW? THINK THAT'S A BAD *CALL?*

I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOT *INTO* YOU, WADE...

...BUT THAT'S THE *MOST REASONABLE* THING YOU'VE SAID...

...*EVER.*

I'VE NEVER BEEN SO *WORRIED* IN MY *LIFE.* WHAT *HAPPENED* TO YOU LAST NIGHT, WADE?

SOMETHING... *PERMANENT,* AL.

SOMETHING *NOTHING* CAN UNDO.

THANKS FOR *TRYING,* THOUGH...

...I'M GOING *OUT.*

Oh, OKAY, WADE... JUST STAY AWAY FROM GOLDEN GATE PARK... WHATEVER YOU DO...

"...'CAUSE GOD *KNOWS* WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU RAN INTO T-RAY LIKE *THIS*...*

CLOSER. PIECES FALL. DESTINIES *INTERTWINE.* WORLDS *SHIFT*...

...CLOSER. *COME* TO ME, WILSON...

...*COME* TO ME.

I'M READY. I'M HUNGRY. LET'S *DANCE.*

AL? *AL?* I CAME AS *SOON* AS YOU CALLED...

HE'S *DEAD* ISN'T HE? I JUST KNOW IT... *DEAD.*

FOR PITY'S *SAKE, WEASEL!* DO YOU SIT AROUND *WAITING* FOR THE PHONE TO RING SO YOU CAN *TELEPORT* OVER HERE?

NO! I JUST... YOU KNOW...

...WASN'T *BUSY*... TYRA BANKS CANCELED LUNCH —

YOU *REALLY* NEED TO CANCEL YOUR VICTORIA'S SECRET CATALOGUE SUBSCRIPTION...

SAYS *YOU,* WHAT'S GOING ON?

LOOKS LIKE WADE'S HAD A *SOBERING* EXPERIENCE... HE'S *NOT* GOING TO FIGHT T-RAY... BUT SOMETHING'S *MISFIRING* IN THAT DEFORMED *HEAD* OF HIS...

HE WENT TO SEE *SIRYN* LAST NIGHT, CAME HOME *ALL SHADES* OF MESSED UP TODAY. THEN HE LEFT *AGAIN* WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A WORD.

I HATE TO SOUND LIKE AN *OLD WOMAN*... BUT I'M *WORRIED* ABOUT HIM, WEASEL... HE'S BEEN *SO UNBALANCED* LATELY...

NO NEED TO FEAR, AL! THE TAP OF A FEW KEYS, AND I'LL FIND OUR *MISGUIDED* MERC...

WEASEOS

I CAN PINPOINT *EXACTLY* WHERE DEADPOOL IS FROM THE [redacted] THE *TELEPORT BELT* --

-- PLUS OR MINUS *THREE MILLIMETERS*, OF COURSE.

THAT'S HOW I ALWAYS KNOW [redacted] IT'S [redacted] TO COME OVER.

AREN'T YOU THE *WHIZ KID*...

IF YOU *INSIST* --

VRDEET

Oh... MAN, WE ARE SO... SO DEAD...

YO, *WEASEL!*

SWITCH OFF THAT *SPICE GIRLS* VIDEO AND COME ON OUT! YER NUMBER ONE BUD'S HERE TO MOOCH A FEW *CHEESY POOFS* AND SWAP *OFF-COLOR* JOKES...

...I JUST THOUGHT UP A *GREAT* ONE WITH A RABBI, PAMELA LEE, AND A *PORK SANDWICH*...

...GUESS I'LL JUST REARRANGE HIS *TOOL KITS* AND *AMMO BOXES* TILL HE GETS BACK... THAT'LL *LEARN* HIM TO RUN TO THE *HABERDASHERY* WHEN I'M FEELIN' ALL SENSITIVE — *HUH?*

BEEP

WEAZ LEFT HIS *BEACON* ON? DID THAT [redacted]OON GET HIMSELF KIDNAPPED BY *TASKMASTER* AGAIN?

BEEP

OH, WAIT... THAT'S *MY* TRACER. THERE I AM! COOL...

...BUT WHY WOULD *WEASEL* BE TRACKING *ME* --?

...WEAZ? AW, MAN... DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE NOT *HERE*... *SIGH* *GREAT*...

...A GUY CAN'T EVEN GET SOME *UNCOMPLICATED*, STRICTLY PLATONIC MALE *COMPANIONSHIP* WHEN HE NEEDS IT...

HOME BASE

BEEP

THAT DOESN'T MAKE --

BEEP

OH.

BEEP

BEEP

DEADHUT

BEEP

DEADHUT

DEADHUT

BEEP

BEEP

DADDY'S HOME, CHILDREN!

AND HE IS VERY... *VERY* DISAPPOINTED...

WHO'S HANKERIN' FOR A SPANKERIN'?

GOLDEN GATE PARK.

BODY SLIDE SUCCESSFUL, CENTRAL...

...A PERFECT TOUCHDOWN. THANKS, BOYS...

Big Bob

SURE THING, ZOE. NOW SEE IF YOU CAN MANAGE TO KEEP FROM LOSING ANOTHER PALM-'PUTER, TOO —

ZIP IT, CENTRAL. EXPEDITER OUT.

THIS IS IT, CULLODEN... IF THESE NUMBERS ARE WITHIN A STONE'S THROW OF BEING RIGHT...

...THIS IS THE *ONLY* SHOT I'LL HAVE AT PUTTING A *STOP* TO THIS MADNESS. AFTER *THIS* —

-- NO. DON'T EVEN *GO* THERE. *STICK* TO SPECS. *FIND* HIM. *DISARM* HIM. *SEIZE* HIM BY ANY MEANS —

CULLODEN.

MAN-DELAY.

:SIGH: IT'S A REAL PITY THAT WE LIVE IN A UNIVERSE WHERE LL&L STILL HAS TO IMBED *NEURAL KILL-SWITCHES* IN THEIR *EMPLOYEES*...

...IT'S THE ESTABLISHMENT, DUDE... THE ESTABLISHMENT TRYIN' TA BRING US *DOWN*.

WELL, *THAT'S* DONE... NOW WADE CAN FINISH THIS, *UNINTERRUPTED*. JUST A FEW MINUTES TO TWELVE...

...I'M GONNA SCORE SOME *MUNCHIES* BEFORE SHOWTIME. I GOT A JONES FOR A SUZI-Q.

WADE? WADE, PLEASE... SAY SOMETHING...

HAPPYLAND.

AL... I --

THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS A MAN SHOULD BE ABLE TO [redacted] ON... *INALIENABLE* RIGHTS... A SOLID PAIR OF KICKS THAT WON'T [redacted] RESOLING AFTER A MONTH...

...HIS *CASTLE*, WITH TALL WALLS AND A DEEP *MOAT*... RUN BY THE *KING'S* RULES.

...AND A *HANDFUL*... *JUST A HANDFUL* OF TRUE-BLUE *BUDS* THAT WON'T *STAB* HIM 'TWEEN THE *SHOULDER BLADES.*

A MAN DOESN'T HAVE THESE THINGS...

...THE WORLD GETS IN... THE *BROKEN* WORLD. GETS IN *DEEP.*

WAIT, WADE... WE WEREN'T TRYING TO *BETRAY* YOU, WE —

COME ON, DUDE... I MEAN, HEY, YOUR BOOTS ARE STILL IN PRETTY GOOD --

— SHAPE

KLANK

BETRAYERS.

EVERYONE... *EVERYONE* TURNS ON ME SOONER OR LATER... I SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT COMING.

VANESSA DID. TYPHOID HAD HER *WAY*... *YOU* TWO...

...SIRYN.

SIRYN. *WHY*, TERRY? I THOUGHT... MAYBE... WITH YOU...

...I COULD HAVE BEEN A CONTENDER. I COULD HAVE BEEN... COULD HAVE BEEN...

WADE? WADE... NO...

LOOK, MAN, I KNOW THIS [redacted] *BAD.*

I KNOW YOU'VE GOT 'ISSUES' ABOUT GUESTS AT HOME, BUT REALLY...

...WHY NOT JUST CHILL AND TALK IT OVER..? I MEAN, SERIOUSLY, IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO *KILL* US...

BONG

REALLY?

BONG

BONG

WHO?

WEASEL?

BONG

WADE? WADE, WHAT DID YOU DO? AHH!

WADE? NO... PLEASE...

BONG

WHY DID YOU HAVE TO MAKE ME DO THIS? WHY?

NOT THE BOX! PLEASE! WADE! NO!

NOOOO

I'M SORRY, WADE... I'M SORRY... YOU DON'T HAVE TO...

NO, WADE! NO!

BONG

Whine

BOY

BOY

PAT PAT

GOOD DOG.

BOY

BOY

GGGK

TWELVE, SHARP ...NICE.

FOR HALF OF A SECOND, I THOUGHT YOU'D GONE *YELLOW*, WILSON...

THAT'S ME... MR. ACCOMMODATING.

THAT, OR YOU GOT *SMART.*

BUT THEN I REMEMBERED *WHO* I WAS WAITING FOR, AND I *KNEW* YOU WOULDN'T DISAPPOINT.

YOU *KNOW,* T-RAY... THE *VILLAGE PEOPLE* ARE NEVER GOING TO STAGE A COMEBACK IF YOU KEEP STEALING THEIR *WARDROBE.*

SHALL WE?

I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK, *PRECIOUS.*

POLO.

MARCO.

DO YOU *FEEL* IT, WILSON? THE DARK? THE UNKNOWN? *REACHING* FOR YOU --?

NOPE, NO DARKNESS... THOUGH I *DID* CATCH THE BREEZE FROM THAT *SWING*...

...*SO* DID THE FOLKS IN THE *BLEACHER SEATS!* YOU REALLY BETTER *CHOKE UP* ON THAT *BLADE.*

SWIP

HURFF!

LUCKY FOR *YOU*, I'M RUNNING A *WORKSHOP* TODAY, AND WE'LL BE GOING OVER CHOKING... AND STABBING... AND SLASHING...

...I HOPE YOU BROUGHT A NUMBER TWO *PENCIL*... WITH A *REALLY* SHARP POINT...

SCHRIP

IS *THIS* SHARP ENOUGH?

SOMETHING *GRATING* AT YOUR CONCENTRATION?

PROBLEMS AT THE *WORKPLACE?*

WHA --

YEARGH

SLOPPY, WILSON. I DON'T WANT THIS TO END TOO *QUICKLY.*

TROUBLE AT *HOME?*

OR DID IRISH EYES... STOP... *SMILING...*

...BECAUSE THEY FINALLY SAW THE *REAL YOU?*

YEAH... SOMETHING *EXACTLY* LIKE THAT. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT?

IT'S ABOUT *TIME.*

NO --!

'CAUSE ALL THAT *GOOD* I WAS TRYING TO DO...

...ALL THAT *HAPPY-HAPPY* CRUD WAS *CLOUDING* MY MIND, AND NOW THAT THE WHOLE PLAN'S BEEN *BLOWN* TO *PIECES* --

KAICHING

...I *FINALLY* GOT TO THE BOTTOM OF MY *HEART*... AND I *SLICED* THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF *YOURS*. TEE-HEE. I AM IRONIC.

-- I'M A LOT HAPPIER NOW!

...

W-WW...

IT'S *WILSON*, T-RAY. YOU NEVER SHOULD HAVE DROPPED OUT OF *HOOKED-ON-PHONICS*...

÷HURKK÷

N-NO... W— W—

-- WELCOME... *BACK*...

...TO THE *OTHER* SIDE OF THE *LINE.*

HEY, I JUST *THOUGHT* OF SOMETHING FUNNY WHEN I FELT YOUR *STERNUM* CRACK...

WHF

IT WILL BE GOOD TO SEE YOU *DIE* WHERE YOU *BELONG.*

SON OF A -- *HNNNG!*

PSHEW

SHEK

SHAKT

KETCH

SHAKT

I ALWAYS *KNEW* THAT YOUR *BREATH* COULD STUN NELL CARTER AT FORTY YARDS, T-BAG...

...BUT THAT... *REALLY...* STUNS.

WHY AREN'T YOU *DEAD?*

SIMPLE, BOY... YOU WENT FOR THE *HEART.*

SLURP

AND I HAVEN'T HAD ONE OF THOSE IN *YEARS...*

...NOT SINCE *YOU* TORE MINE OUT.

BUT DON'T WORRY... I'M NOT BITTER...

...LIFE IS MUCH *MORE STIMULATING* WITHOUT IT.

SLEEEE

HEY!

PIP

WELL, I FOR ONE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE BLATHERING ABOUT, T-RAY... BUT I GOTTA SAY, YOUR LITTLE *MAGIC ACT* JUST KEEPS GETTING *BETTER*...

...I SEE *WHITE* TIGERS AND A SWISHY ASSISTANT IN YOUR FUTURE... MAYBE A *DOUG HENNING RAINBOW SHIRT* --

WHOA... OKAY, *LIGHTNING'S* COOL... HOW'D YOU DO THAT?

WITH... MIRRORS?

SNOW?

WHAT -- NO WAY!

LUCAS IN TOWN?

MAYBE *NOW* YOU UNDERSTAND...

...MAYBE NOW YOU *REMEMBER.*

SNOW. YEAH... I *DO.*

WELL...

...IF THIS ISN'T A @*%& *INTERNATIONAL COFFEE MOMENT,* I DON'T KNOW *WHAT...* IS?

FLYING?

T-RAY *CAN'T* FLY.

OF *COURSE* I *CAN'T.*

AW, GEEZ... IF THIS IS A *DREAM,* I SURE HOPE CAROL CHANNING DOESN'T SHOW UP *NAKED* AGAIN...

YOU SEE —

SNOWING --

NNGH... WHA —

WILSON?

HAS IT *HIT* YOU YET, WILSON?

THE *DEJA VU?*

SHOK

THE *SYMMETRY?*

NO... I'M TOO LATE...

...I COULDN'T *STOP* THEM.

THE *SNOW,* UNLOCKING *MEMORY* OF *SKIN...*

...OF THE CHILL, *CRACKING* YOUR FINGERNAILS... *HICKORY SMOKE* IN YOUR *EYES...*

CENTRAL... CULLODEN...

...ONE TO BODY SLIDE.

FIRE... TRAPPED IN THE *ICE... PATSY CLINE* --

KTOK

YEAH, I HEAR THAT TRACK. *"CRAZY,"* RIGHT?

CONFIRM THAT BODYSLIDE, EXPEDITER...

YOU WERE SCHEDULED FOR TWO —

I KNOW...

BUT IT'S JUST *ME.*

GOODBYE, *WILSON.*

"CRAZY"...

TIME OUT... UNOFFICIAL *FLASH OF LIGHT* ON THE FIELD --

CULLODEN?

SHE TRIED TO *WARN* ME... TOLD ME... THAT T-RAY WAS SETTING ME UP, BUT...

...BUT I'M THE *GOOD GUY* HERE... THE GOOD GUYS *ALWAYS* --

YEARGH!

IT ALL BEGAN THAT *DAY*... IN THE *SNOW*...

...MY *ULTIMATE* LOSS. YOUR ILL-GOTTEN *GAIN*.

THE *CONTORTED* ROAD THAT WOULD EVENTUALLY LEAD US BACK TOGETHER... AND END *HERE*.

I HAVE TAKEN *HELLHOUSE* FROM YOU. NO *JOB*.

I HAVE SEEN YOU *CRIPPLED* BY YOUR FOOL'S QUEST TO BE SOMETHING YOU'RE NOT. NO *DIRECTION*.

I HAVE WATCHED YOU TURN ON THOSE *DEAREST* TO YOU. NO *FRIENDS*.

I HAVE GUIDED *CHOICES* THAT WOULD PUT YOU CLOSE TO THE *WRONG WOMAN*. NO *LOVE*.

NO *SELF-RESPECT*.

NO *HOPE*.

...MEANS THAT YOU ARE STILL *ALIVE*... THAT YOU STAND A *CHANCE*.

YOU HAVE *NOTHING* LEFT...

...BUT *FAITH* THAT THE BEATING OF YOUR TORTURED *HEART*...

NO CHANCE.

SKLICH

...

...NOW ...THAT'S GOTTA BE... ...BAR NONE...

...THE WORST... PAPER CUT... ...I EVER HEARD.

HOLD UP... THIS IS THE WRONG ENDING... ...DO OVER...

LIFE DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY...

...YOU TAUGHT ME THAT...

...*"WADE."*

GOODBYE, *WILSON.*

SEE YOU IN YOUR *NIGHTMARES.*

HEY, MA! LOOK! IT'S SOME *GUY!*

Oh DEAR... THAT *POOR* MAN... PROBABLY *HOMELESS*... NO *WAY* HE'S PREPARED FOR THIS SNOW... *MAYBE* WE SHOULD --

Oh, BUT WHAT IF HE'S *DEAD?* I DON'T WANT DANIEL TO SEE *THAT* --

WHAT'S HE *DOING*, MA? Huh?

HE... Uh... HE'S *PLAYING* IN THE SNOW, HONEY...

...HE'S MAKING *SNOW ANGELS.*

REALLY?

WHY? WHY WOULD HE DO *THAT?*

BECAUSE... BECAUSE IT'S THE *HOLIDAYS*, HONEY... BECAUSE IT'S *FUN*...

...BECAUSE HE'S *HAPPY.*

Oh... OKAY.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, MISTER!